THE WINGÈD SPIRIT
BY MARIE TUDOR

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By Marie Tudor

The Potter's Clay
The Winged Spirit

THE AUTHOR WITH HOPE, HER DAUGHTER

The Wingèd Spirit

And Other Poems

By

Marie Tudor
Author of "The Potter's Clay," "Hindu Mind Training"

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TO MY LOVE

The bird must hunger
For his mate
Ere he will sing;
It is my love for you
That gives my spirit wings.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Wingèd Spirit	1
Love	2
My Heart is Stilled	3
My Mate Shall Hold me	4
The Age-Long Song	5
Ever as One	6
Silently the Willow Weaves	7
Yellow Roses	8
When I was Ten	9
Grieve Not	10
With Babe on Arm	11
Spirits	12
I'm Alone Tonight	13
The Bread	14
Sunset, Wernersville, Pa.	15
If you Fly	16
Daybreak, New York	17

PAGE

My Passion 18
The Sun Can Light 19
The Woman 20
New York 21
God is in the Whole 22
Our Dreams 23
My Child is Dead 24
My Thoughts Go Free 25
My Burden 27
Woman 30
A March of Trees 31
Pan Piping 32
Jewels 34
The Empire of my Love . . . 38
To Haniel 39
To Helen 41
You Ask me if I Love you . . 43
The Inner Flame 45
Poetry—I 47
Poetry—II 48
Your Arms Have Held me . . . 49
The Universe 51

PAGE

THOSE WHO HAVE KNOWN LOVE . . 52
WE LIVE AGAIN 53
THE SPIRIT IS THE FLAME . . . 55
LOVE EVERYWHERE 56
TO AN AVIATOR 57
THE LAND WE NEVER SHALL SEE . . 58
I FEEL YOU IN THE WIND . . . 60
TAKE ME 62
LIFE ETERNAL 64
I AM A WOMAN 65
ACROSS THE GREAT LAGOON . . . 67
WHO KNEELS IN PRAYER . . . 68
TO HANIEL 69
THE STRANGER 71
LET ME ENFOLD YOU ALL . . . 73
TO VERNON CASTLE 74
A WAN WILLOW 75
AN ARROW FROM THE SUN . . . 76
HOW BEAR THIS PAIN? . . . 77
HER PLAID 78
SLOWLY A WOMAN CLIMBS . . . 79
TWO FIGURES 80

PAGE

The Potter's Wheel 81
The New-Born Spirit. 83
The Great Wrong 84
The Hand of War 85
New Beauty Springs 86
My Mind Shall be 87
I Have Understood 88
For Loving you 89
Your Name. 90
In the Studio 91
The Gathering Wave. 92
To be Free 93
Not be Restless? 94
The Peace we Seek 95
A Solitary Path 96
Life May Come 97
All through the Years 98
Spring is Here 99
In the Night 100
I Would Tell you 101
Face of Dreams 102
I Will Have to Kiss 103

PAGE

THE STORM 104
REST, MY SWEET 106
THE CHALLENGE 107
BECAUSE 108
YOUR MOTHER'S SON 109
IN MY AGONY 110
HOW MAY I AS A RUNNER? . . 111
THOU EAGLE 112
THY SOLITUDE 113
UNDER THE STARS 114
WHEN I UNCAPTAINED GO . . . 115
MY DEAR 116
WHEN THE STORM BREAKS . . . 117
WE TWO 118
YOUR TRUE POWER 119
MY STATELY LILY 120
TWO WINGS 121
IN THE POOL 122
THIS MOTHER-LOVE 123
THE LOVE 124
IN AN OLD ORCHARD 125
WHAT MIGHTY WOOING . . . 126

PAGE

HANDS, O SINGING HANDS . . . 127
THE BATTLE IS TOLD 129
THESE HOURS 130
ALTHOUGH THE SEA 131
A WANDERER 132
THE SEA 133
LET SILENCE BE THE CROWN . . . 134
MY STRENGTH 135
PROUD HORSEMAN 136
IN THE BEAUTY OF THE SEA . . 137
THE HAND OF GOD 138
SOME DAY 139
A SONG 140
WHAT IS SORROW, CHILD? . . . 141
WHY LOSE OUR WAY 142
GOD WAS THERE 143
LOVE CRUCIFIED 144
MY GARDEN 145
YESTERDAY 146
MY SPIRIT TO ME 147
TO MY SPIRIT 148
YOU BROUGHT ME JOY . . . 149

PAGE

Once, Long Ago 150
My Pride 152
My Heart 153
Love and you 155
My Wings are Bound . . . 156
Who Strikes to Kill . . . 157
A Prayer 158
On Starlit Nights 159
Like a Lotus 160
Other Voices 161
How Find my Way? 163
I Did not Know 164
Lot's Wife 165
Strange Woman 166
My Wounds 167
He Shall be Free 168
The Way to thee 169
Love Like Mine 170
Sleep with thy Fathers . . . 171
Thy Loving 172
Where the Camels Wait . . . 173
I am Weary 174

PAGE

You Have so Loved my Beauty . 175
The Cornfields 176
The Hand that Wounded you . . 177
I Would Love you 178
Nothing to Say 179
My Hand 180
Give me a World 181
Seek Within 182
Here Among the Ruins . . . 183
My Wine 184
Dead Days 185
Broken Wings 186
A Strange Epitaph 187
War 188
A Derelict 189
Lost Dreams 191
Your Cup and Mine 192
East and West 193
A Rose Garden 194
My Loving 195
Pride and Self 196
Thy Lost Libido 197

PAGE

The Rainbow 200
The Wine 201
For Love I Once Have Known . . 202
The Death I See 203
Life is Calling 205
Why? 206
Your Shadow 207
The Great Gates 208
My Song 209
A-Wing 214
Were you the Sea 215
In Other Eyes 217
Purple 218
The Spirit's Dream 219
To my Sons 220
The Empty Cup 221
The Mystery of Life 222
My Hands 223
In the Night 224
Day and Night 225
How Do I Know? 226
The Sacrifice 228

PAGE

THE TEMPLE OF YOUR LOVE . . 229
WHITE NIGHTS 231
SCATTERED DREAMS 232
HEARTS MAY DIE 233
IN SABLE WINGS 234
AS THE SEA 235
HAD WE TWO KNOWN 236
MY SONS 237
CLOSE THE BOOK 239

The Winged Spirit

THE WINGÈD SPIRIT

O Love thou wingèd spirit of all Life,
In whom are all things, and from whom all things spring,
Who hast brought me unscathed through this tangled web of life,
Unveiling to me the real and the unreal,
Hast thou led my proud spirit through this world alone,
And brought me to thy throne at last unconquered,
That thou mayest test me in this hour of thy triumph?
Would'st thou tempt me now to believe
Thou art not real, that I have followed but a dream?
O Love, though conquered, yet shall I go uncrowned,
Rather than take of thee less than thy all,
Less than being one with thee.

LOVE

Love is bread to one who hungers,
The cup to him who thirsts;
There is no wrong it may not compass,
No grief it may not stay;
There is no hurt, nor pain, nor sin
It cannot take away.

There is no thought beyond Love's realm,
No mystic world to seek afar,
There is no greater force on earth—
No guide more sure than this,
No god beyond the perfect Love—
There is no god but This.

MY HEART IS STILLED

My heart is stilled at last to hold the joy of life,
As seas that catch the colours of the passing day.

MY MATE SHALL HOLD ME

My mate shall hold me by his love alone,
No other force could weld us two as one;
And I shall know him by his voice, whose tone
Shall stir within my breast, when day is done,
That mystic spirit of the sleeping sea
Which mirrors sunset skies and leaves me free
To dream of battles he has fought and won.

And I shall know him by his thoughtful eyes
That hold within their depth a smouldering fire,
To flare at times, and die when passion dies—
My calumet—a consecrated pyre—
There, thought and tenderness will never sleep,
But creeping, ever on the watch, will keep
My love awake to meet his full desire.

And when I see it I shall know his hand,
Then most acutely when it touches me,
And sues for love it knows it may command.
Much as the sacred font within the See
Is blessed by contact, so shall I be blest—
Close held against his heart, and knowing rest—
The rest and peace of Love's community.

THE AGE-LONG SONG

WHEN sap is flowing in each leaf and tree,
And birds are breasting northward on the wing,
Each bird in turn will feel himself to be
The soul, the one interpreter, of Spring;
And, though he sing his love, the age-long song
We hear is Time's. For unto Time belong
All notes,—to Time all songs that we may sing.

And though the song within my heart is old,
Borne down the ages on some mystic wings
I sense yet never see, it will unfold
Anew the message, gladden as it sings,
And with the bird's note, breasting wing with wing,
Will bear my love the passion which I sing,
And fire his heart as Nature fires the Spring's.

EVER AS ONE

We two who've loved shall ever meet and merge—
Shall ever be as one. Always the soul
Of each, one force shall drive with restless urge,
Until this scattered star-dust is made whole—
We two again as one. What though our forms
Be changed, far driven as the sea in storms,
Ever as one we'll reach the final goal.

SILENTLY THE WILLOW WEAVES

(Weaving)

SILENTLY the willow weaves
  Its long, slim leaves
Of shining jade, through
Skies of sapphire blue,
  And Spring is here.

(Drawing)

Creeping vine and branches trace
Their course and interlace
An eerie grace and sheen
Upon the jewelled screen
  That Summer makes.

(Painting)

Nature's palette is aglow
With rainbow tints that come and go,
Though rich the harvest for her brush—
Gone is the thrush,
  When Autumn wakes.

(Sculpture)

A leaden sky is piling high a drift
Of snow which Winter's wind will shift
To serried rows and later mould
And carve in captured cold,
  When dead the year.

YELLOW ROSES

You gave me yellow roses as we stood
Together in the autumn wood,
And later, crouching in the path, you said
That I should wear your ring till dead,
And slipped a yellow diamond on my hand,
A diamond held with golden band.
The while the sunset glowed upon the place
And left a halo round your face.
And when the shadows gathered 'neath the hill,
And the moon came, you held me still.
The morrow saw you on your way to France.

My hand no longer wears the golden ring,
And though my heart may sometime sing
With the old rapture, and I seem the same,
Rejoicing in your well-earned name,
My life is lived within a garden small,
Where yellow roses climb the wall;
Where in the home the saffron bowls still hold
The yellow rose of purest gold.

WHEN I WAS TEN

I LOVED you then—
When I was ten
  And you sixteen—
  What might have been
Then long ago
We'll never know.
  When I was ten
  And you sixteen,
I wish you'd seen
I loved you then;
  When I was ten
  And you sixteen!

GRIEVE NOT

GRIEVE not for women when they weep;
Their hearts o'erburdened with their pain,
They soon will find relief. Who steep
Themselves in tears remove the strain
And grieve but for themselves. They keep
The cross who cannot weep in pain,
Whose tide will lead them to the deep
Beyond themselves, then turn again
And bring them back to us on shore,
Their bitterness and agony
Appeased by all the pain that's gone before.

WITH BABE ON ARM

With babe on arm, weary from the load
Which she had carried all day in the rain,
Her clothes bespattered by the muddy, road
She joined the crowd awaiting the late train
To London. In her eye no ray of hope,
Or faith, or courage left. We all could see
Life had been such, she could no longer cope
Single-handed with its grim tragedy;
And yet a hostile look from every eye
Was cast upon the hungry child that wailed
And fretted, breaking thus the peace. And I,
A mother, knew this mother's milk had failed
Or did not satisfy the child, so sought
And gave it milk from my own breast.

I know no artist yet has ever caught
That real madonna with her child at rest.

SPIRITS

WHY is it that, in all the wild tangle
Of Nature's garden, we become conscious
Of the throbbing of some wild spirits?
The sough and the sail, the moan in the pine
Tell of a mother's grief. In the sunlight
Where the wind now wantons with the flowers,
We know the soul of the dead infant
Has won freedom and peace.

I'M ALONE TONIGHT

I'm alone tonight,
From the sea
The moon has risen mellow
And full.
As it climbs, the bay steals its colour;
A tree shows against the moonlight—
There, turkeys are roosting
For the night.
From the meadow, grazing in silence
A flock of sheep passes,
Like a mass of drifting cloud.
I hear the call of a mallard,
The honking of wild geese
Flying south.
Within the house the fire glows,
My candle sputters,
A cricket sings upon the hearth—
Reuben snores.

THE BREAD

I WISH that day, when she had burned the
bread,
I'd gone to her, and to her gently said:
"I wonder if the sun had always shone,
And had not gone to rest when day was done,
And there had been no night to bring you rest,
When you were spent and weary and oppressed,
Would you still feel your God watched o'er your
head?. . . ."
She would not then have burned again the
bread.

SUNSET, WERNERSVILLE, PA.

The emerald fields of Winter wheat now tint
The meadows green, save where the earth new-sown
Is bare and brown, or corn shocks stand in rows
Between the piles of golden grain. A flint
Road, white in the setting Autumn sun goes
Off among the mountains. A mist blown
Up the valley by a sultry breeze spills
A violent haze over all the hills,
The sun a ball of crimson. There's a tone
Of deeper purple in the vales, shadows
Lengthen. A chill creeps up, bringing a hint
Of frost, as all the brilliant colour glows,
Then dims and fades away. Far off, a lone
Cow-bell tinkles as cattle seek the close.

IF YOU FLY

If you fly
Across the sea,
There will my spirit be.
Hearing your call
Across the world,
Still will I follow,
To come again
To you.
Still will I smile
Through mile on mile
Of pain.
How may there be
Ever again
For me
Suffering and pain.
Having loved
And knowing you,
Life will ever be
For me
A winning home
Again
To you.

DAYBREAK, NEW YORK

Bridges which seem to float in mist
Swing across the river:
And spires emerge from out the gloom,
As daylight breaks aslant the city.
Sunlight, catching the golden pinacle
Of the great tower,
Lights a taper for the day;
Then robed in pink,
Creeps down the tower's eastern wall,
To lose itself at last
In mist and city smoke.

MY PASSION

A LEAN-BELLIED wolf, prowling hungry-eyed,
Ready to destroy all I hold most dear;
Held submissive by some force sensed in me
This wild, untamed creature is brought to heel.
Would I then have it other than it is?
Have it a lamb, content to nibble grass?
No! a thousand times No! Let it be wild,
The thing that it is. I would have it lean,
Hard driven by hunger and thirst, but wild,
And true to me—one that calls upon all,
All that is in me to hold it in check
When it must hunt or die, I'll let it go,
I'll hunt with it; that same power restrained
Shall then be let loose to drive this creature
To its prey whose death shall make us three one.

THE SUN CAN LIGHT

THE sun can only light one side the tree,
There on the other side must the shadow be;
When thrown by death in deep obscurity,
Light too is there, if only we will see.

So light and darkness changing constantly,
As sun and shadow round about the tree,
Are but the symbols of infinity,
Life's constant change and mutability.

THE WOMAN

You scorn my son, who has to bear my name
Because his father left me to my "shame."
You thrust my name upon him as a slight,
I give it proudly—deem it his by right.
By birth my power of motherhood to me
Was given, and mine remains, though Property
This new-found god of man, o'errides the earth
And drives away the sanctity of birth.
The mother's task to see her son has health,
And no man curse him with his wealth,
To make of him a slave. He shall be free,
Free and untrammelled, free to work and make
The place he need in life for his soul's sake.
Let all men, if they will, my son disown,
He's none of theirs, nor is he all my own.
Still, though you scorn me, yet am I a wife,
Wife to the soul-creating father, Life.

NEW YORK

From my window
I look down upon the city—
Sleeping in the early morning sun;
Its many roofs and buildings
Have the wealth and colour
Of an Oriental rug—
A rug for prayer—
There, even as the city sleeps,
I seem to see its prostrate soul
Mumbling a prayer to Mammon.

GOD IS IN THE WHOLE

THAT man who fails to see in wrong, in sin
Darkness where light has not as yet come in,
Who does not see the God in wrong, or sight
The soul struggling blindly to the light,
Has no conception of a God that lives
In every particle of earth, he gives
To God the limit of his own poor soul;
He cannot see that God is in the whole.

OUR DREAMS

What if our dreams are golden, good to see
As lighted beacons shining on the sea,
  What though we glimpse them fleeting in a mist,
  Or sense them in the joy of lips new-kissed?
What though we hear them in a tumbling brook
Or scent them in the pools in spring, or look
  For them in sunset skies? We know they wing
To us in every form that Beauty takes,
And in her coming, all our thought awakes
  To sing the heart's new impetus to Spring.

Dreams come as premonitions of new birth,
They come to us as symbols sprung from earth,
  Of ever changing life, of growth to be,
  Symbols of life, of immortality.

MY CHILD IS DEAD

My child is dead—
Yea—though God has punished,
I have not sinned,
Nor wronged a human soul,
In thought
Or deed.
My child is dead—
Aye—and they will bury him;
Unknowing they will take my life
And lay it in the tomb
To be
Near him.
My child is dead.
Oh, show me where the justice,
Where the wrong in me!
Though I have failed
I'm blind—
I cannot see.
My child is dead.

MY THOUGHTS GO FREE

LET all my thoughts go free on tireless wings,
For they must travel over plain and steep,
The vast untrammelled stretches of the deep,
In search of truth, which means that they must win
Beauty from corruption, find good in sin,
Seek out the soul o'er-burdened with life's pain,
Fallen and crushed, who cannot rise again;
Must find for him the path he knows not of;
Must give him hope and gird his loins with love,
That in his quest love hide his nakedness
And make his struggle sure. My tenderness
Of thought unarmed must free life's cruelty
From chains it seems to wear, that it may be
Revealed as Truth, whose hidden soul is worth
The struggle and the pain before its birth.
My thoughts must bring me back no word of wrong
I may not right and turn to joyous song;
And should they bring some evil, poisonous thing
I'll search its heart and find its jewelled wing.

My thoughts shall be the servants of my will,
To seek the Truth, to triumph over ill.
As homing pigeons shall they all go free.
And they shall bring me word of victory.

MY BURDEN

I WAS weary of my burden,
Weary of my years,
Weary of the load
I carried; weary
Of the hunger of my soul
Too long denied;
Weary of the sin
Of dreary lives
That see no hope,
No light
To live in.
I was weary of my tears,
The unshed tears
Of youth.

The quest for Beauty
Led me far;
I would not pause,
I could not rest,
Because of fear
The best would so escape;
I would not listen
When my soul cried out
And asked for bread,

I would not hear
For fear
That beauty
Just ahead
Would take some eerie road
I could not find.
I was weary of my burden,
Weary of the load
I carried
Weary of the years.

Within my soul
Denied and starved
By me
Had Beauty slept . . .

Her lamp now in my hand
I am no longer
Weary of the load
I carry,
Or weary of the years.
The unshed tears
Of youth
In rainbows
Send a glow
Of truth
On dreams
Which all come true.
I am not weary
As I go,

I do not feel the years.
With the light
I bear
The blind can see,
The deaf can hear
The sad rejoice
And many voices sing
The peace
I bring,
Who am no longer weary,
Who do not feel the years.

WOMAN

My mother, Earth,
Is plowed
And harrowed
For the sowing.
Like my mother, Earth,
I bear the blossoms,
I do the growing,
I bear the fruit,
The seed
For sowing.

A MARCH OF TREES

THE moon will lead a march of trees
To her theatre in the wood,
And watch their solemn pace,
In flank and column,
Around this magic place.

When a cloud slips past the moon
The last of the toiling column fades,
And night steals out,
To coil about
These phantom shades.

PAN PIPING

I HEARD Pan piping on the hill,
Those notes
So mellow and so full,
Could only come
From out his reeds.

There's dancing on the hill.
Blown here,
Upon the breeze,
There comes
A rustle,
And a song,
Through the trees
I hear
The beat of hidden hoofs.

I heard Pan piping on the hill,
And followed after.
Here
Where I stand,
The sand
Is pied with hoof-prints—
I hear him still,

Beyond the hill and hollow,
Where joy
And laughter
Go—
I follow.

JEWELS

DIAMONDS

THESE diamonds
That you bring
Are singing of the light,
A myriad suns
Are dancing here,
And setting,
As drop by drop
They form a river
Flowing, flowing,
Entrancing, iridescent
As the sea.
Out of the womb
Of earth they come,
To tell us that the tomb
Is but another birth;
Where the darkness is,
There too
Shall we find the light.

SAPPHIRES

And sapphires, garnered
From the earth,

Where, from seeming sleep,
In dungeons deep,
Below the ground,
They had their birth.
The dim oblivion
Of years could not
Obliterate
The memory of
This beauty blue,
Drawn by earth
For ages from the living sky,
Whose empire
Blossoms now
In bluer blossoms
Than the sea,
Who daily steals
Her blue,
This jeweled blue
Of sapphires
Brought by you
To me.

A PEARL

A pearl,
Wrought beneath the sea,
Where tenderly
A simple creature
Builds about
Its pain,
Hourly building round

The grain
Of sand that tortures,
The beauty
Of this priceless gem,—
Symbol of tenderness.
Pure milk
Of human kindness
Poured upon your wound
Has thus up-built
This rounded cup.
The curved and rounded breast
Of a madonna
Is not more curved,
More rounded
Than the round
And curve
You found,
To shape your wound to.

RUBIES

You bring me rubies,
The sparkling blood,
The wine of life.
You, who bring me these,
Have felt the Spring,
Have reached the heart of things,
Have felt life thrill
Within the cup,
Holding still

The leas you will not drain.
Your lips and mine
Have touched,
Have tasted of the wine,
Who bear the stain
Of rubies
On our lips.

THE EMPIRE OF MY LOVE

THE empire of my love shall be
A true democracy,
Where from the throne, uncrowned,
In all humility, I go
To seek and give to those who need.
The love I bear shall be a crown
That each shall wear.

TO HANIEL

Ah, Haniel, No.
Though "ancient old
Adagios
And multo convivaces"
Of the winds of heaven
Have played
Upon the harp-strings
Of my heart,
In timeless Springs,
Bringing the peace
Of old,
Yet
The love I sing
Is not the music
Of the spheres,
The muted music
Of the years;
It is a song
Of long ago,
A song
Of long suppressed desires,
Love evoked,
Smouldering
In smoke,

Since Beauty woke.
It is the song,
It is the fire, of the souls
Among the throng,
The song
Of those
Who pant
To reach her goal.

TO HELEN

WHAT if she keep her calm,
Still feels life
Leaves no illusions,
With this beauty in her eyes.

Though storms may rage
Upon the sea,
Tempest tossed,
With waves that rift and drive
The spindrift
Flying high,
Below the surface
That we see
The deep is never
Touched.
The peace that sleeps
We feel
But do not see.
Then, when the storm
Is passed, we see
At last perfected
The reflected beauty
Of sky, of tree,
Of bird

Flying high
Across the sky.
The beauty mirrored here.
This beauty which we sense
Is from the deep;
The light
The soul will keep
To catch the wing
Of birds in flight,
The light which rights
The wrong,
Interpreting
The feathered song,
Heard in the Spring.

The beauty
In the sea
Is all of this,
And since you have it too
In you we sense
The deeps,
And know with you
That Beauty never sleeps.

YOU ASK ME IF I LOVE YOU

You ask me if I love you,
And I answer that I do.

You ask me why I love you,
And I find it hard to say;
In your eyes there is a light
Of truth that beckons,
That clearly points the way;
Though there is light in mine,
It pales before this brighter ray.
Because I seek the Truth
I come to you.
You answer every need.
Your love is all the reason
That my love can give
For loving you.

Love you always?
That I cannot say,
It rests with you,
You lead me now,
You point the way
And I follow gladly,
While I may.
Love is an awakening,

Another birth—
A closer homing
To our mother, Earth.
Love, the light we follow,
For Love is Truth.
I shall love you always,
Yet shall ever seek and follow
The brighter light—
The fuller love,
The larger truth absorbs the lesser,
Else why my love for you?

THE INNER FLAME

THE light
Which pierces through
The dark
To flame
Within the soul of man,
The light that fires
The imagination,
Awakening desire,
The light that rises
And that flares
Through lore and legend
Of the past
Inspiring a race
In war, in sacrifice,
The light the Buddha saw
And Christ,
The light
The hunger of the spirit
Still pursues
And never overtakes,
Nor will
Till man awakes.

When the awakening comes
Then will he see

Himself
The bearer of the torch,
His soul
The only light
His world will ever know,
And in this light
He'll see
Himself
As one with man
And God,——
Himself infinity.

POETRY—I

SOMETHING we feel
Yet never touch,
Something that will flee
Swift and sure
From over-much
Pursuing.

Thought, illusive,
Struggling through art
To birth

God's soul
On earth
Moulding man's spirit
From his heart
Of clay.

POETRY—II

THE infant Soul,
Suckling at the breast
Of its mother, Earth,
With wide blue eyes
That stare
Unseeing
Into the wider blue
Of sky,
Not knowing of its birth,
Yet dreaming to its goal.

YOUR ARMS HAVE HELD ME

Now that your arms have held me,
Now that our love is told,
Your spirit holds me close
And I am one with you—
One with all those lovers
Who have known
The perfect love.

Now that I know,
Now that I am one with you,
One spirit and one flesh,
My blindness slips away—
I feel the wisdom of the years
Is here in me,
Where darkness was
Now is there light.

O thoughts that hamper,
Words that bind and cramp
And hold me down,
Who would be free,
Free to light the lamp
For those who cannot see,

How may I now
Disclose the truth, how bare
This beauty and this power
To those who have no eyes to see?
How bring to the sense of them
That sleep, the deep significance
Of love, the love that unifies
And keeps the spirit and the flesh
One force—the highest and the best,
That never rests or dies,
The love, whose strength will rise
Above all ill, triumphing still
In death?

THE UNIVERSE

NOTHING in the universe is fixed,
Nor God—nor purpose.

THOSE WHO HAVE KNOWN LOVE

To those who have known love
There is no pain,
For the self is dead.
This joy once known brings
To the troubled souls of men
A peace beyond understanding,
The peace we yearly feel
Following the long travail of Earth
When Spring has birth,
When, once again, from pain
We sense at last
The triumph of the truth,
When from sleep, from seeming death,
From strife, there comes new life.

WE LIVE AGAIN

Love, though yet it may be young,
Knows it is a forgetting of the self,
A daily death, to rise
New-born each day,
A giving—utterly—
Until unveiled we stand,
Stripped of all that holds us
In the flesh,
Naked, soul to soul.

Love which holds back
Something in reserve
Will never know
The joy of giving,
The joy of constant death,
Its resurrection
And the added love to come,
Whose birth is sweet,
For only in complete
Renunciation,
In claiming nothing for the self,
We win the all.

All that we give comes back to us,
All that we give at death
Will live again,
Will live in countless glorious ways.

THE SPIRIT IS THE FLAME

THE spirit is the flame
Which fires the clay, and glows
With every passing breath,
Yet never dies.
It is the eternal heart of Life,
From which Love's blossoms spring,
The blossoms of our single loves,
Whose hour is timed,
They come,
They go,
With every season's change,
They seed,
They sow,
They cover every range
Of human pain and woe,
They spread their hovering wings
Of colour on all dead things of life,
They succour those
Who have lost hope,
And can no longer cope with life,
Whose note and song
Have died in pain,
Who may not rise again
To sing on wings of song.

LOVE EVERYWHERE

Love is,
Love is here,
Love is there,
Love is everywhere.

Hearts sigh,
Here,
There,
Everywhere.

Hearts cry,
Hearts cry here,
Hearts cry there,
Hearts cry everywhere.

Hearts die,
Here,
There,
Everywhere.

Love lives,
Love lives here,
Love lives there,
Love lives everywhere.

TO AN AVIATOR

THOSE who have pierced
The sky's empyrean,
Those who have flown so high
Into the blue,
To dare, to do,
Like the sky-lark, plowing the blue,
With waves of human song,
Have known the joy of life,
The song.
Thus may they feel
The tragic fall of piercèd wing,
From those blue heights,
The broken note in dying throat
Of those whose flight is ended,
Whose song is done.

THE LAND WE NEVER SHALL SEE

When tossed upon
Life's troubled sea,
We dream of a quiet port.

. . . . . .

When, in the end,
We find the calm,
We dream of the open sea.

. . . . . .

Our dreams are all precious,
And ever will be,
Whether of calm
Or open sea,
For we are adventurers
And all are at sea,
Tossed in the frailest of barques—
Lost in the gale,
Lost without sail,
Lost in the dark,
Dreaming our way
To the land of our dreams;
Though it whisper,
Though it call,
We sense through it all
A joy that is never to be,

For the land of the promise,
Whether in port or at sea,
Is ever the land
We never shall see.

I FEEL YOU IN THE WIND

TO TUDOR

I FEEL you in the lilting wind,
The sueing wind that sings,
And flings and lashes all the trees,
In subtle April breeze;
I sense you in the shadows,
Behind the boles of trees,
I feel you in the deepest forest glades
Where fawns
And dryads
Reel
And dance,
Dance
To the reeds of Pan,
Dance
In an elfin shade.
I feel you in the fleeting clouds
That drift in an April sky,
And in the light they sometimes steal
To hold the setting sun.
I feel you
Poised upon the crested wave
In-swinging with the tide,

I feel your spirit
In the spindrift,
Flying high.
I feel you too
When all the birds are singing
And winging home to rest.

TAKE ME

I ONLY ask that you will
Take me,
That you make me serve
Your will,
Use me well or use me ill,
I'll not care
If you but have your will.
I only ask that you will
Take me
Till you've had your fill,
Use me well or use me ill,
I'll not care,
Try to kill me
If you will,
I know the woman
Here in me
Will tame the brute
In you,
And that your tenderness
Will be
As tender as my own
And when your heart
Is stilled

And you have had
Your fill,
You will know your love
Was but to serve
My will!

LIFE ETERNAL

THE green of Life eternal sleeps
Beneath the Winter snows.

Off-flinging all your covering,
As the Winter goes, you come
Bearing in your arms from sleep
The poppy and the rose.

I AM A WOMAN

I AM a woman
And have lived a woman's way
With Life.
I am big with new life
Soon to have birth.
Take me in your arms
And hold me there,
For the treasure
That I bear
Is rare
And of great worth.
I have travelled
Over land and sea,
Everywhere—
Life loving me
There is no beauty
Of the universe,
In the sky
Or of the earth
That does not live in me.
Life was prodigal in loving,
Life gave his all to me.
There is no thought

That has come to Life,
But Life has given me.
There is no further knowledge
Of the soul
Than Life has whispered me.
Life tells me
There is no other god
Than the god that lives in me;
I am burdened
With the seeds of my lover's sowing.
I know my time has come,
So take me in your arms
And hold me there,
For the treasure
That I bear
Is rare,
And worth your knowing.

ACROSS THE GREAT LAGOON

THE moon is slowly rising in the east,
Across the great lagoon,
My lantern on its bamboo stick
Swings idly in the breeze,
The petals from the almond trees
In quivering silence
Fall imperiously without a sound;
So Spring slips off her wedding shift,
And leaves it on the ground.
Although I know it's Summer that blows
This sultry southern breeze,
In the magic of the night and moon,
Across the great lagoon,
I see beneath the trees,
The Winter snows.

WHO KNEELS IN PRAYER

Who kneels in prayer,
Kneels to his own spirit.

TO HANIEL

ON HIS BIRTHDAY

I AM sure that in some ancient days
And in some ancient wood,
When Pan was piping
On his reeds,
You stood aloof
In expectant mood,
Bright with childish laughter,
And, as the illusive echo
Rang through the wood,
You followed after
Swift in your pursuing;
You had no years then,
Just pointed ears
And hoofs.

Though now you count
Your one score years
And ten,
And have the pointed ears,
We seek some proof
About the hoofs.
Tell us what you can,

All's not enough
To prove you just a man!

It may be the piping
We have heard
And loved,
And the laughter in the wood
Bring word
That you are half a man.
Would you tell us if you could
The secrets of the wood
And if but a man,
Why your ears are pointed,
Why the fawn has hoofs?
Would you give the proof
We need to know
That you are Pan?

THE STRANGER

She scorned me passing,
As I washed the floor,
Later I was but a human spring
That opened wide a door
That she might enter in,
And climb a palace stair.
When she met me in my diamonds
And my pearls—she thought me fair,
And then she smiled and knew me.
And claimed me as her friend.
Yet another day when I met her in the street
And asked her for some bread, to the end
That I might feed my starving child
She turned her eyes away;
Staggering past her, spent and weary
Of my load, one freezing day,
She would not see me pass,
She was blind and would not see.
Flaunting my way, as a harlot once, we met
And again she scorned me utterly,
Nor did she know me,
Coming of another race
I was a stranger to her always,
With a black or yellow face;

Again when I laughed and danced
In the joy of heedless youth
She drove my joy away,
She failed to feel its truth;
And when a crippled child
Cried out in its pain, her laughter
Drowned its voice. I thought her wild
Not to know this child was hers.
Poor stranger! Can she not see
She lives in every other woman
As every other woman lives in her and me?

LET ME ENFOLD YOU ALL

LET me enfold you all,
For my heart is big enough to hold you;
Come all you men and women
Who have sinned,
And let me show you
How to wash your sins in gold,
Not the gold which may be bought
And sold, but the gold
Of service and of loving;
Though my heart is old
As the world's sin,
Yet it is warm and young with loving,
So let me bear the burden of your grief,
For I shall turn it all to gold
Once you let me enfold you,
In this heart which is big enough to hold you.

TO VERNON CASTLE

(KILLED IN AVIATION SERVICE, Feb. 15, 1918.)

WE who have danced with you
Did not see the wings
Upon your heels. . . .
When the trumpet called
You fled with magic speed,
To seek your larger sphere,
Which bore you to the height
Of wingèd dreams.
Yet not content you went on wings
Alone—out into the night.

A WAN WILLOW

TO HAMILTON

Your fair, young body,
Like a willow wand, bends
And sways with all the subtle grace
Of youth, long and lithe in limb,
Seeking like the willow reed the sun.
If you would be a sturdy willow tree,
Set your roots deep in the earth
And let me be
The lake o'er which you bend.
For I have seen a wan willow
Lean against a brook,
And take its joy in dreaming,—
Seen the joy within its look
As it found its image in the brook.
And though the willow subtly drew its force
And built its strength up from the brook,
A time came yearly when it gave back what it took,
And the willow shook out all its golden leaves,
And tossed them scattered on the brook.

AN ARROW FROM THE SUN

TO HOPE

HAS your slim, white body, child,
Come a shafted arrow from the sun?
For this brightness of you
Dazzles in the whiteness
Of the beauty you have won.
I would know why
You do wonderfully come,
Lithe, and straight and true!
Swift bearer of some message
From the sun,
Some truth we have not understood,
Some wrong to be undone;
Speak! Unloose your tongue,
That I and all the world may know
From whence you come,
And whither you shall go.

HOW BEAR THIS PAIN?

TO CHARLES

How may I bear this pain?
Must I see you come wounded home,
With all your glorious beauty gone?
Must that proud spirit
Wear an alien form?
How may I bear this pain,
I, who have known my heart
To ache and bleed,
And felt my soul quiver
In the very pride of its pain,
That you might come
A conquering god to earth?
How may I bear this now—again?

HER PLAID

TO HOPE

On a peg along the wall
Hangs her little Scotch-plaid frock,
With its white about the throat and sleeves.
She hung it there before she went to sleep.
Still sweet with the fragrance
And the warmth of her slim body.
How it holds her shape,
And apes the contour of her form!
Of late she's grown quite tall,
I see tonight the budding woman
In her gown upon the wall.

SLOWLY A WOMAN CLIMBS

Slowly a woman climbs the steps
That lead her to her home,
She drags her feet, and I can see
That she is weary, weary of her task
And the long day's work.
The house looks dead, its windows
Stare empty-eyed into the street,
And from the way the woman walks
I know her eyes give back
The windows' stare,
And by the way she turns the handle
Of the door and goes within,
I know the woman's soul
Is not in there.

TWO FIGURES

Two figures pass in through a gate,
To a place where people lay their dead.
A common thought and purpose
Unites these two and makes them one,
And yet I subtly feel
By the touch of shoulders,
Or the way they walk and hold their heads,
A thousand prismic veils
Enfold these two, they have
An inner world their love has made.
So do we sometimes sense a truth
When never a word is said.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL

As He shaped the clay
The Potter thought and dreamed,
And once He dreamed
To shape a noble vessel,
And to give it life,
And the vessel He would fashion
Should be a goodly thing to see,
And lovely to behold.
And as He wrought
He placed the infant soul within
And gave the vessel life,
And then He pondered and was glad.
The soul was but a tender thing,
Himself then did not know,
And even as He wrought
The quivering breath began to urge
And then He turned His wheel,
And the clay stirred to form itself,
And the moving life within
Molded a nobler vessel.
And when the Potter
Took the vessel still wet
From off the wheel
He knew the work was good,

And it would hold
The virgin wine—the soul of man.
Yet as He set His work aside
He saw the soul
For which He wrought the vessel,
Floating wide and far on wings,
And so He took again the clay
And again He wrought—
And now as He works He sings.

THE NEW-BORN SPIRIT

WHAT giant thing is struggling to the light,
What makes this agony of birth so great,
What child is this to be born to Earth,
In the frenzied suffering of this night?
Though we fight and bleed and suffer,
Though we serve and watch and wait,
Though we heed the cry of the dying,
And worship the deeds of the great,
We know that this true mother, Earth,
Must suffer her travail,
And only when her time has come
Shall the veil be lifted,
And the dream be complete.
Then and only then
Shall we see
The new-born spirit
Of world-unity.

THE GREAT WRONG

O WOMEN, weep not
For the sons ye bore,
But weep for the great wrong
Done to love
Through War.

THE HAND OF WAR

You mothers who have felt the blow
From the hand of war,
Know now the end, and weep.
But there are countless women here,
Whose sons are stripping for the fight,
And they have lived with this thing
Clinging to their dreams.
In the night they have lived
Ten thousand lives of pain,
And grieved with every mother
To whom war has brought her slain,
And they have lived these years
With the living beauty they have made,
Seeing this beauty again and yet again
Come maimed and tortured home,
And have known in loved eyes
The silent heart that bleeds
And will not cry its pain;
And these women still must watch and suffer
And in the end receive their slain.

NEW BEAUTY SPRINGS

FROM out the fading beauty of the world
New beauty springs,
As death brings forth
New life.

MY MIND SHALL BE

My mind shall be
A calm and placid sea,
Where I shall find
All life reflected
In its true proportion;
There shall be
No inner stress
To stir the surface
With its breath
To blur
And twist the image,
And breed
Through vision false
Unwonted passions.

How may I see you as you are,
Unless the self in me
Shall leave the mirror free
To catch and hold
Your image from afar?

The strength of each shall rest
Upon the truth he sees.

I HAVE UNDERSTOOD

I MAY not love you
As another would,
For I have lived too fully,
I have understood.
I may not love you
As another would,
For in the heart that I would bring
You'd feel the pulse of every woman
Who had erred and sinned,
I have lived in each,
Feeling their sin was mine;
I have doubly felt their pain,
And loved their brighter mood.
I am all these women,
So I may not love you
As another would,
I have too fully lived,
And understood.

FOR LOVING YOU

WHAT is it weighs me down today,
With a weight that is sweet,
Like the burden gladly borne
For some loved soul?

Is it the shadow of your nearness,
The sense of you too near to me,
Which, though it weighs me down,
Yet brings with it some comfort?

Or, is it just the weight of all the years
I feel oppressing,
Years which I would lift
And throw aside,
To go and live again that other life
Where I so gladly died
For loving you?

YOUR NAME

How your name sings to me!
Its music echoes down the years,
And I hear it with a sense
Of nearing music,
Heard long ago in dreams.

IN THE STUDIO

How the hours sped away that night on wings!
Yet in those magic moments,
When the past and the future are HERE and NOW,
Time is timeless,
And the hours vibrate only as the pulse of Time.

THE GATHERING WAVE

THE in-rushing tumult
Of the gathering wave
Will spend itself
Upon the burning beach,
Then when the impelling force
Has lost itself,
Leaving its impress on the shore,
It sweeps back to the sea:
So in wave after wave
I would have you take
And conquer me.

TO BE FREE

I AM suffering with that hunger
That first brought life to earth,
Aching with the pain that bears
The burden of the years.
I am faint with a thirst
As ancient as the sea,
And though I am spent
With love and longing,
Yet am I yearning
To be free.

NOT BE RESTLESS ?

Not be restless ?
Ask the beach not to burn
When the sea has left it,
Ask the tide not to turn,
Tell the day not to leave us
And the night to stay!

THE PEACE WE SEEK

THE peace we seek is not an end,
It is a peace
Which is the heart's attainment,
The peace which urges us
With all our fuller strength
To win the soul's fulfillment.
The peace we seek
Is but a cup
To hold the wine,
A richer oil
To feed the flame.

A SOLITARY PATH

A SINGLE, narrow path
Led me through the pines
To the summit of a hill,
And there I found a palace,
Gaunt, ghostly and alone—
A dim light only in a distant wing,
The ruin of a dead soul
Haunting still in dreams.

And when the seasons came again
And brought me to this wood,
I sought once more the path I took,
And found an open way and wide,
Trodden by many feet,
And the sun was everywhere;
And when I reached the pine-crested hill,
Where once the palace stood,
There was now a solitary hut,
And the sunlight played
With the shadows on its shingles,
And a voice came soft and low
Through the open windows,
And I heard a woman sing.

LIFE MAY COME

Life may come as a cruel,
Sharp-toothed thing;
As a wind that rends and sears
A storm-pressed cedar
On a barren shore.
And the wind may sing—
May whistle madly through the tree
And bend and break its limbs,
And when the storm has passed
We may look at last
On broken wings of hope
And scattered dreams.
Though our dreams may drift
And fade away,
Yet in the heart of each of us
Will cling the memory
Of all that Beauty gave to life—
All that is real and true and sweet.

ALL THROUGH THE YEARS

All through the years I heard your voice,
And I thought that I should find you
Just beyond the further hill;
  Yet ever you eluded,
  Sought the deeper vales,
  And the hills and woods
  That then beguiled me
  Smiled in peace and dried my tears.
  And, though the shades grew deeper
  And I often lost the way,
Ever I turned to the rising sun
With faith in the newer day;
  And lo, when I thought
  The least to find you
  You were the dawning day.

SPRING IS HERE

A MAGIC veil of mist
Is brooding over all the earth.
Spring is here,
The time of loving
And of sowing,
Of birth
And growing.

IN THE NIGHT

In the night and storm
I was carried on a sea of pain
To its utmost crest,
Only that it might throw me naked on the rocks;
Again and yet again it drew me back
To fling me as before
Bruised and bleeding to the shore;
And though my naked flesh quivered
In the agony of the sea's pounding,
My spirit would not yield,
And wore a smile upon its lips.

Now that the dawn has come
And I lie within the sanctuary of your arms,
My spirit is bowed down
And here at last it weeps,
It cannot bear the pain of living joy,
Because it is so deep.

I WOULD TELL YOU

I WOULD tell you that I ache
And suffer—and know pain;
Nay—only to be bathed
In that great sea of your loving
And made whole again!

FACE OF DREAMS

O FACE of haunting beauty,
Face of dreams,
Yours the image
Which the soul has fashioned
In your sleep.

Your soul, like a well,
Silent and deep,
Stole from the troubled sea
To brood alone within the desert,
Where the jewelled sky
Crept in to share its peace,
And sleep upon its breast,
The while the stars in silence
Mingling breath with breath
Gave of their dust
To free your soul from sleep.

I WILL HAVE TO KISS

I WILL have to kiss the lips
Whose fullness spells infinity,—
Lips which are a crimson gate
That opens but to free some truth
No craven soul would utter..
They shall not be the lips of slaves,
But lips that were born of the kiss
That made some woman queen.

THE STORM

Beloved, in the beauty of thy coming
To my sacred chamber,
Was the sense of a glad day
Newly washed in the gold
Of the sun's going;
There was the hush of waiting
Known at the birth of night,
As countless silent phantoms creep
Along the earth, holding in their hands
The shadows they are bringing,
Through the glimmering dusk
To veil the eyes of sleep.
There was the music
Of the many chirping things
That sing the silence of the night,
And the haunting scent of flowers
In some lost and distant dream;
The hovering sense of many wings
Brushing the stillness of the heart
With feathered silence—
Wings that flutter and are gone;
And there was the beauty of the moon,
Which thrust the clouds aside
That for a moment she might bless

The sleeping earth.
And as the wings of night
Enfold the day,
So did thy tender arms
Enfold and hold me in the night,
And when the storm crept up the valley,
Scattering the leaves,
And the trees caught the wind
And made it sing,
And a few scattered drops
Fell from the sheltering eaves,
Thou didst love me,
And then the titan storm arose
And swept the hills
And drove us on its wings to the sea.
And the trees sobbed and moaned
Beneath the savage gale,
While trees and branches
Ready for the reaping
Crashed and fell.
And the driven rain splashed
Against the window panes
And came in rivers from the eaves,
And the sea rose from its bed
And hurled and lashed
The wind-swept, barren shore.

And in the storm were scattered, far and
wide,
The seeds another storm shall reap.

REST, MY SWEET

REST with your arm outstretched my sweet,
That I may rest there too,
And all the hours that you sleep,
I shall be loving you,
And while we rest and sleep, my dear,
God will hold us two.

THE CHALLENGE

WHEN you flung that stinging challenge
Of the broken wine cups
On the floor,
I did not strike
To kill the lie,
For in my heart
Was the beating of many wings,
And there were magic hours singing
In memory with the stars
And a far-off image which I keep
Of a mother sleeping her last sleep.

BECAUSE

BECAUSE of the words you uttered,
Because of the cruel blow,
My lips shall never speak
The words your heart would know.

YOUR MOTHER'S SON

It was your mother's son who knew my heart,
Your father's son who hurled those cruel words,
It was my mother's child who did not strike
to kill the lie.
It is my father's child that pities
One who does not know a truth;
It is the mother's son in you who will not let you
hate,
The father's son who will not let you rest;
And I would be my mother's child if I could un-
derstand,
And my father's child if I could weep.

IN MY AGONY

In my agony I must cry out
And you must know;
Deeper than my pain,
Deeper even than your pain in me,
Is the knowing I have wronged
Another mother's son.
The wound is mine,
But through my wound
I know your heart
Must bleed.

HOW MAY I AS A RUNNER ?

How may I as a runner
Win my race,
And face the sunlight
With this wound that bleeds,
And nothing can ever heal,—
Knowing no rest, no sleep,—
When every steep I climb,
Is but to find you there, alone,
And to know you weep?

THOU EAGLE

THOU Eagle that wouldst be alone
And cry thy solitude
To the day and to the night,
And gaze upon the stars
That bred thee,
Dreaming to be aloof,
To be ever one and alone,
Know thou mayest never now
Find that which thy heart seeketh,
For on a sunlit mountain top
Thou foundest for thee a mate
And though thou wouldst forget
And still wouldst be alone,
Thy mate has built a nest.

THY SOLITUDE

STAND thou alone in thy aloofness,
Proud Eagle. The rocky crag
Was made for thee
By the loving Hand
That holds thee.
Know to thy heart's content
That thou art alone
And glory in being so,
Even as I glory in it for thee,
And with that same power
That thou makest thy solitude
Will I make my unity
With all of life.
It shall be my strength
To serve me in this hour,
And to thee it shall be a light
Shining on a dark night
From my distant tower.

UNDER THE STARS

UNDER the stars,
Through the silent watches
Of the night,
My soul is brooding.
Within me that burning, turning,
Ceaseless urge
That, from its agony,
Brought forth a world;
In my open hands
The living flame,
In the shadow of my eyes
The world's pain,
In my heart its peace,
And on my lips
A prayer.

WHEN I UNCAPTAINED GO

When I uncaptained go
Out into the night,
Let none weep for me,
And let no alien hands
Touch me in my last sleep;
Only the hands of him
Who has loved me
With a love that was God's,
He, whose soul is a rocky height
No foot has ever trod,
He, who has died for the right
But will not suffer wrong,
Whose soul is white,
And whose wings are strong.

MY DEAR

My name was so beautiful
On your lips,
Speak it sometimes
In the silence
Of the night,
And I shall hear
And if you would bless
A living memory,
Whisper to the night,
"My dear."

WHEN THE STORM BREAKS

When the storm breaks
Upon the earth,
And the wind wakes
The ghosts of memory
And dream,
And voices sing and whisper
Through the trees,
And sobbing notes come
Slipping from the eaves,
Then will I rise
And go into the night
To seek the tempest,
And it shall tear and strip me,
And leave me naked;
For I know the storm
Will reap in me
The dead things,
And give the living wings.

WE TWO

This loving may not be unloved,
We are together now,
We two in the hand of God.
We have climbed with bleeding feet
A steep and grievous road
To find each other.
We have suffered wrong,
And we have known pain,
And we have been alone,
Each in a world
That knows no pity.
This loving may not be unloved,
We are together now,
We two in the hand of God.

YOUR TRUE POWER

THAT pride which sweeps away
The things it would not know,
And flings swift arrows, meant to sting,
From the straining bow,
Is that which breeds your pain.
And that great tenderness you have shown
To me, in my dark hour,
Which led you out into the night
To ease my grief, is your true power
And this shall bring you peace.

MY STATELY LILY

My mind shall be a placid sea,
Which mirrors all of life.

Yet in this lake have I lately seen
My leafless silver birch become a fir,
I have seen the limpid blue of sky
Become a black and muddy thing,
With serpents, writhing in the arabesque
Of things that once were dreams,
I have seen my stately lily
Become a tortured snake,
I have seen all this,
I have seen it in my lake.

TWO WINGS

Until you find within your joy
The deepest fullest grief,
Until you meet within your pain
Its bright and jewelled wing,
Until your joy and pain have met,
And loved till they are one,
There can be for you no lasting peace,
Your battle is not won.
But once these two are mated,
The bird will have two wings,
Then when it wins its freedom,
You will listen as it sings.

IN THE POOL

All through the noon
The sun has wooed
The lilies blooming
In the pool.

And now too
Comes the night to woo—
She woos her jewels
In the pool.

If you were the sun,
I would be a nenuphar;
Were you the night,
Then would I be a star.

THIS MOTHER-LOVE

This mother-love is deeper
Than you know.
Its roots spring from childhood
Where I dreamed
Of what a mother's love might be.
It reached the light in maidenhood
And in marriage faced the sun.
And as its flowers blossomed,
One by one, its roots went deeper,
And when it learned to weep
And still to keep its sweetness,
I thought the dream complete.
And now comes this storm
To sweep me,
That I may deeper go to seek
And find the truth beyond my dream.

THE LOVE

THE love
I loved you with
Is God.

IN AN OLD ORCHARD

THE tragic death of this old orchard
Grips me. Wrecked by neglect
And time and storms, it rests
Where fire too has swept it
And left a spectre of old dreams and memories;
And yet among the ghostly standing boles
Of these trees, filled with holes
Woodpeckers made for nests,
And the harvest of its prostrate limbs,
One small spray of an ancient tree
Is blossoming,
And bees are working there,
And where the blossom is
There shall we find
The fruit and seed.

Even so we carry on our faith,
One grain from out a field of weeds.

WHAT MIGHTY WOOING

WHAT mighty wooing has been here
That brought from out the spheres
The earth, submissive to the sun!
What titan pulse
Has thrilled in primal force
Before the triumph won!
When the earth was young
And had but winds for play,
She gave birth to mountains
And tore from her living heart
Great rivers that the sea might be,
And her imperial pulse
Was the beating of eons' wings
That thundered past her
In her dreams.

And now the creeping pulse of time
Is no deeper than our days and nights
And some forget to dream.

HANDS, O SINGING HANDS

HANDS, O singing hands,
Hands that are so dear,
  You have held me in my sorrow,
  You have known my tears.
Hands, O singing hands,
Hands that are so dear,
  Would that I might hold you,
  Would that you were here.

Hands, O singing hands,
Hands that are so dear,
  You have reaped a sorry vintage,
  Held a bitter tear.
Hands, O singing hands,
Hands that are so dear,
  Would that I might bless you,
  Would that I might cheer.

Hands, O singing hands,
Hands that are so dear,
  I wonder if you'd sing to me,
  Sing if you were here.

Hands, O singing hands,
Hands that are so dear,
  Would that I might whisper you,
  Would that you might hear.

THE BATTLE IS TOLD

THE tale of the battle is told
Not by the warriors that come,
Scarred and wounded, from the fray,
Nor by the toll we take of the dead,
It is told by looking deep
Into bleeding hearts at home.

THESE HOURS

THE hours creep by today,
A maimed and crippled throng,
All that are left to speak
Of the wingèd nights that were,
And dawns that marched
In stately column, with love triumphant,
And with music everywhere.
Now is their tread the tramp of stumbling feet,
Their song a mumbled prayer,
For the dreams that are dead,
A prayer for those that now
Shall come to fill their ranks,
Born into a world of tears,
And those that shall come still-born
From the womb of Time,
Dead before their dawn,—
These hours, soulless and pale,
Struggling to build each day,
Cry out against the wrong.

ALTHOUGH THE SEA

ALTHOUGH the sea come surging to the shore,
Flung in mighty surf and ruthless breakers,
Although it pound and press the silent beach,
Expressing thus its own distress and urge,
It may win no more of the shore
Than a quiet rippling sea,
Whose silent, gentle hand
Leaves the impress of its image
On the willing sand.

A WANDERER

O Love, thou art in truth alone,
A wanderer in a world thou hast made fair,
In a world thou hast filled with living beauty—
Where man may walk a god.
Thou hast made him blind and unseeing,
And thou art wise, for in his blindness
He must lose his way, unless he seek
That inner spirit thou gavest him,
Through which alone he may find thee.
And yet, O Love, thou art in truth alone,
A wanderer in a world thou hast made fair.

THE SEA

WHAT is the sea?
It is the tears
We women weep
That love may be.

LET SILENCE BE THE CROWN

O Love let Silence be the crown upon thy head,
Bowed down in pain, for all the words that have been spoken
In thy name, and the deeds that have been done,
Have torn thy veils, and left thee bleeding.
And now are thy dawns but the shadow of dead dreams,
And all thy nights are scattered to the winds,
And the hours that go drifting past thee
Are as a mist that blinds thee, and that hides thy sun.
O Love in silence and in pity keep to the memory
Of thy dream, for Time will sweep away the mist
And reap these hours of pain, and thou shalt raise again
Thy head, and face the sun.

MY STRENGTH

EVER marching with me,
Is a host of deathless giants
Born of my pain.
No blow of circumstance,
No thrust of fate,
No stabbing in the back,
By the hand of hate
That has not brought me strength,
New power to carry on.
Though wounded by the blows
That Life has dealt me,
My faith has never swerved,
I have watched and tended
Through many a travail,
That there might be born to Life
From my pain, a new world strength.

PROUD HORSEMAN

PROUD Horseman,
Can you not stop then,
You who are riding to the sun?
Must you hurry past us
Ere we go with you
Ere our work is done?
What will avail you then,
Proud Rider to the sun,
To leave all pain behind you,
To leave no service done?
What avail your riding,
If you reach your goal alone?
If you ride by with blinded eyes,
Helping never a one,
What avail your riding,
Proud Horseman to the sun?

IN THE BEAUTY OF THE SEA

In the beauty of the sea,
As it sleeps beneath the sun,
Is the beauty of the virgin,
The sweetness of the nun.

But when the storm has pressed it,
And stripped its shimmering veil,
Though it breathe deep, seeming sleep,
It is dreaming of the gale.

THE HAND OF GOD

I HAVE searched within the heart
Of all the seeming cruelties of Life,
The hand of God.
I have found the soul in all things,
Found it white, found where God is,
Found the light.

SOME DAY

Some day you shall find your name
Like a prayer upon my lips,
A prayer for all the wingèd hours
We weaved into our dream.
It matters not if all our days
Are scattered to the winds,
It matters not if all our nights
Are drifting with the tides,
It matters not what Time may bring,
Nor where our lives may lead;
Were all the seven seas between,
Still shall your name remain
Upon my lips, a prayer,
A prayer for all the wingèd hours
We weaved into our dream.

A SONG

To-night I am but a child,
And I am lost.
I am groping in the dark,
I am burdened and in pain.
The way is long.

Yet I shall find the light
And bear my burden,
Making of my pain
A living song.

WHAT IS SORROW, CHILD?

WHAT is sorrow, Child?
It is finding all alone
Your way from darkness
To the light.
It is taking from the bitterness
Of Life, the thing that is sweet;
It is giving up the earthly ties
For those you cannot see;
It is turning all the pain of Life
To some new strength:
It is giving back to Life
All that Life gives you;
It is a steep and rocky road
Leading through the night.
What is sorrow, Child?
It is finding all alone
Your way, from darkness
To the light.

WHY LOSE OUR WAY

Nay, Love, why lose our way in words,
Why try to understand the things of earth
Save through the spirit?
Love like ours gives birth
To countless wingèd thoughts
That draw us each to each.
Nay, Love, what matters speech
With love like this between?
What matters anything to us
Who have this dream?

GOD WAS THERE

"You did not think this love was worth the fight,
No, you would not fight,
Seven times the chance was offered you
And seven times you failed."

Aye, I failed, and even so
Failed Another!
There is a love transcending all things,
A love that is God, a love that is everywhere,
And every time you bade me fight,
I bowed my head in prayer
And hid my face,
That you might see that God was there.

LOVE CRUCIFIED

EACH day I seek the hill to lie upon the earth,
My upturned face to the sun.
As I lie there with arms outstretched,
My body forms a cross,
Symbol of a love that bears the pain
Of a whole world, and understands.
And I know that once again Love is crucified,
And forced to drink the bitter cup.

With my face upturned to the sun,
I feel Love's spirit rise,
And know it to be one with God.

MY GARDEN

In that dark hour, when the frost comes
And reaps the flowers of our dream,
We feel a sense of loss.
Although another season brings its bloom,
It brings another frost.
There are places where at all seasons
Gardens bloom to happy faces.
I dreamed of such a garden.
Yet now is my garden swept by frost.
All the beauty of its days,
And the perfume of its nights
Are scattered to the winds.
These so sweetly sing to me,
That I am haunted by the memory
Of the frost.
I planted in the wrong season,
In the wrong way, and in the wrong earth.
Although my garden is swept bare,
As I kneel there, in memory,
I know the spirit lives that gave it birth:
I am but a mother weeping for the child of her dream.

YESTERDAY

Nay, I would not forget the past.
How may I while this beauty lasts?
How may I bury it as you would do,
Who dig graves for all that die in you?
How face to-day, bearing in my arms
Dead things from a dead yesterday?
Nay, there shall be no death in me.
All things shall live in me,
And beautifully live, even my pain.
And this pain shall be made sweet and true,
Changed to new life, new ways, new songs.
Even so shall all the pain I know
Be turned to living joy in me;
Nay, give me your pain too,
And I shall make of it new joy for you.

MY SPIRIT TO ME

DEAR Heart of me suffer thou in silence.
Weep. Thy tears shall wash away thy grief,
And when again joy comes to thee,
Lift up thy voice and sing.
Had I not wed thee, there would be
No joy, no pain for me.
From thee are born these things
That make life dear and sweet.
I may bring thee peace and hope,
I may bring thee strength to rise above thy grief,
And teach thee it goes hand in hand with joy.
Yet were it not for thee, dear Heart,
There would be no joy, no grief.
When weary, thou shalt come to me,
And I shall guard thee in thy sleep
And when in the end, thou seekest
Thy mother Earth,
Then too shall I be with thee
To share thy fuller birth.

TO MY SPIRIT

PROUD Spirit, hold high thy head,
For thou mayest not know grief
Save through me, thy flesh, thy Self.
And if for thy freedom, I must know pain,
Let me suffer again and yet again.
Let me search the pain of all the earth;
Let me endure all things for thy birth
And fuller life, for thy wings are dear to me,
And I would have them strong,
That they may bear me ever
Through the night and storm,
Ever to the east, where the least of my desires
Shall meet the light of a world's sun.
And when my work is done,
They shall be strong to bear me on.

YOU BROUGHT ME JOY

You brought me joy so deep
Its pain has made me weep,
And you have taught me to know pain
So great, it is sweet.

ONCE, LONG AGO

ONCE, long ago, you placed within my hands
The golden threads shorn from your baby head,
Then was I once more a mother,
Feeling the joy, the pain, the hope
Born of that other who gave you birth.
And as I held these threads of gold,
My thoughts turned golden,
Sweeping back across the years,
Until your own sweet mother
Lived for me, and her heart throbbed with mine
To hear you voice such tender memory.
And all this gold I wove into my dream.

O what gold I had for weaving!
Such gold was never seen upon the loom of Time.

I took for design an old world pattern,
Such as maids and mothers weave,
When their hearts sing to them
And new spirit wings to them,
And they conceive.

With my golden thoughts, I used the golden threads
From your baby head to weave into my dream.

And when at the last, you asked for them,
I faced the task of seeking every thread you claimed.
And the old time pattern that I wove
Is rent, and wet with tears,
And all the threads are scattered to the winds,
And there are no days, no nights,
Only the patient years.

MY PRIDE

At last I understand!
My pride has died at your hand,
And you stood by, and heard my cry
And would not lift a hand.
Aye! The pride of Self is dead in me,
Yet a greater pride lifts now its head
To ride to victory.

MY HEART

ALTHOUGH the way to my heart
Is steep and hard to climb,
For you its door stands wide.
There is no child of yours
You may not bring
To leave within this door
Even that born of another woman,
Be it cripple or be it blind,
My love shall make it whole,
For through this door has passed
The pain of a whole world.
I have nursed it, and understand,
I have searched the heart of it
And found it sweet,
And found that it can rise on wings
And seek the spirit's life,
Where all our human cries
Are but one voice, a voice that sings.
I have found that in this world
Above our days and nights,
That pain in my heart is the cross
On which new love is borne.

Come, my dear, come to my door
And lay your burden down;
I shall not love you less,
For I would love you more, always more.

LOVE AND YOU

AGAIN must I die for loving you,
As in that other life I died?
Must I know joy only that I may learn
To weep through you?
I wonder why in that other life
I died for loving you. Was it too
Because the truth I gave to you
Was greater than the truth you knew?
Was it because like Ruth of old,
I gave up all for loving you?
Is it then a sin to Life
To lay my life aside for you?
If so, give me the bitter cup to drain,
For I shall die again
Before I give up love and you.

MY WINGS ARE BOUND

WHAT in my pain brings me in touch
With so much suffering?
Is it that I feel our human weakness,
And the frailties of a spirit
That knows not of its strength?
For in the length of a whole world,
No heart lives that does not beat in mine,
There is no wingèd spirit
That does not wing to me.
With my hand upon the pulse of Life,
Trying to understand,
With a spirit that would wing
Beyond the reach of time,
And seek to soar above the touch of earth,
I am crushed beneath the weight
Of a world's pain,
Feeling my wings are bound.

WHO STRIKES TO KILL

O LOVE, who strikes to kill thee,
Strikes himself.
And the heart that bleeds,
Bleeds from its own hand.

A PRAYER

God give thee grace
To face the truth.
God bring thee to thyself
Where thou mayest see
Thy feet of clay.
God take thee
To the lake of tears,
Where for thy soul's sake
Thou mayest see
In the deep,
Thy wasted years
And weep.
God free thee from thyself
And wing thy spirit on;
God bring again the truth
And beauty to thy face,
God give thee grace.

ON STARLIT NIGHTS

THOUGH it be night in this our world,
Though we have lost our way,
The sun is shining on a universe of stars.
Why may we not on starlit nights
Dreaming of each other,
Wing in thought to Mars?
Though clay may bind our bodies
To the pain of earth,
Our spirits may go free on wings
To meet within another sphere,
In that shining universe of stars.
Why may we not on starlit nights
Dreaming of each other,
Wing in thought to Mars?

LIKE A LOTUS

I SHALL be worthy,
Worthy of my love
My love for you,
Which leaf by leaf,
And petal, one by one,
Opened like a lotus
To your sun.

OTHER VOICES

Your words tell me you would forget,
Yet other voices speak and tell me
You remember, voices uttering no word,
No word that may be heard.
Voices the heart alone may hear,
And dear to those who love.
Voices whose music is that of a sunlit sea
Moving free beneath the wind;
Of lispings in the rain among the leaves
Singing in brooks; silence in deep rivers;
The music of the whisperings heard
Among the pines when day is done
Of the aspen leaf a-quiver when the wind stirs;
Of the wind when it sleeps
In the noonday sun beneath the firs;
Your heart sings to me by day,
Your love wings to me at dusk,
As mine to you,
And the infinite blue above
Is as measureless as my love,
My love for you.
Often as I spin, you come to me,
Then my heart leaps to meet your own,
And my blood sings of a world of love,

And dead dawns and silent nights
Of time awake and pass in glad array,
A stately pageant of old days of dreams
Living again in me; and the days
And the nights you loved me with
Once more bear me to your arms,
And the music of the wheel is silent,
And for a while my heart is stilled.
Sometimes as I weave,
My hands are seized by yours,
And the shuttle falls;
Again when I would sing,
Your lips cling to mine,
And once more am I lifted
On the tide of your loving
And in silence I am swept
From the shore to the sea.

Though no word be heard
Your heart will speak to me
Through all the years,
And when my heart weeps, in silence,
Your heart will feel my tears.

HOW FIND MY WAY?

Nay, how could I find my way to you again
Across that living sea of pain between?
How could my lips sing to you
Of our dawns and our eventides,
With the memory of lips alien to our love
Still clinging to your own?
How could my words reach you
With the tide of your passion
Rising and falling
To the call of an alien voice?
Nay, how touch your crimsoned hand
Fresh from the wound you dealt our love?
How rest my head upon your heart
Where my love lives dead and bleeding?
Nay, how find peace,
Till life shall cease?

I DID NOT KNOW

I DID not know that Love could be so fair.
I did not know she drew from otherwhere
All beauty to herself.
I did not know that beauty in itself
Was but a part of her.
Yet now I understand.
Through the beauty in yourself alone
Can you reach to the soul in me,
And I to you.
Only in the full beauty of our souls
Can we meet in Love, and be as one.

LOT'S WIFE

WHAT is the meaning of the tale
Told of Lot's wife, save this:
We must go on in life, always on,
We may not return
Until the ocean of all tears
Is dried and turned to salt.

STRANGE WOMAN

STRANGE woman of lost dreams
Haunting my days and my nights
With your sweet presence,
What may I do for you?
What rests undone that love can do?
I have come to you in silent prayer,
To you I have brought my grief,
And always in my pain
Your arms sustain me,
And when I weep you dry my tears.
Yet in your silent presence
The voice of my lost dream
Taunts my loneliness,
And tells me of another,
Seeking too through you
That lost and cherished dream.
O show me the way!
Lead me from this night,
Guide me to the day,
Strange woman of lost dreams.

MY WOUNDS

I MAY not be wounded,
Save through the tools
I place in the hands of fools.
If then I am hurt,
Then do I wound myself.

HE SHALL BE FREE

TO J. A. G.

THE unseen bond of love
Between my son and me,
Shall be no iron chain
To bind him down.
Though it may guide him
Still shall he be free,
Free to build within himself
An altar for that inner flame,
Whose thirst and hunger
Gave him birth,
Whose constant urge
Compels his better thought.
He shall be free
To tend his lamp,
To trim and fill his light.
He shall be free to make his day,
Free to make his night.

THE WAY TO THEE

As the brook winds its way to the river,
And the river to the sea,
So shall the flood of my loving
Win its way at last to thee.

LOVE LIKE MINE

LIFE, I dreamed too deep,
I asked too much of thee,
Who asked for love like mine,
Yet shall I die of thirst,
Ere my lips shall touch
A lesser wine.

SLEEP WITH THY FATHERS

TO TUDOR

SLEEP with thy fathers, dear,
To-day wert thou here,
Thou would'st be a man,
Knowing the pain that men must know.
I am glad thou art spared,
Glad that in the deep
Of thy quiet sleep,
There is rest for thee and peace.
When the weight of thy cross
Was too great for thee to bear,
Thy sweet and gentle ways,
Thy tender thought were there.
Thou broughtest with thee
The gift of giving and of loving,
Living in the hearts of others.
Now art thou living in our hearts,
Who learned of thee,
Thy gift of giving and of loving.

THY LOVING

SINCE together we have faced the sun,
I shall not fear the night.
In my pain none shall pity me,
For I am proud to suffer at thy hand,
Glad to bear into the night
The memory of thy loving,
I need no other light.
Since together we have faced the sun,
I shall not fear the night.

WHERE THE CAMELS WAIT

I AM alone,
Alone in an alien land.
I sigh for the open,
I sigh for the sands.
I have traveled far,
Too far . . .
O where are the camels . . .?
Where the silence . . .?
Where the stars . . .?
I am alone,
O take me to the desert,
Take me home!

I would be alone,
Alone with you.
O take me to the desert
Where the camels wait;
Take me to your arms,
Take me far;
O take me to your home,
To your tent
Beneath the stars!

I AM WEARY

Soon may I sleep,
Sleep in that quiet sleep
Which brings its peace,
The peace and the sleep
Only the dead may know.
I have fought my battles,
And though I have many times
Been beaten to the ground,
It was ever with a smile upon my lips.
With my head unbowed,
Yet now am I weary,
And bleeding from old wounds:
Now at last would I weep,
Weep and bow my head.
Now at last would I rest,
Rest and sleep among the dead.

YOU HAVE SO LOVED MY BEAUTY

You have so loved my beauty,
Would you love me, if less fair?
Would you love me if you could not read
Of passion in my hair?
If my lips did not betray
The joy you leave there in your kiss?
If the perfume of my body
Called not to your sense?
Would you love me if my eyes
Were less a paradise?
If their shadow haunted depth
Sang not of the sea?
Have you sought beyond my beauty
To find my spirit fair?
You have so loved my beauty,
O love the beauty there!

THE CORNFIELDS

THOUSANDS of gay ribbons, green and grey,
Are waving, fluttering in the breeze,
There is a crisp and rustling sound,
Along the ground.
Muttering through the corn.
Where no sunlight falls,
Are grey green shadows under all;
While in the glow of the setting sun,
Yellow-green and gold are seen.
And, as I dream, a golden fog creeps in,
And girdles all the hills;
And shadows deepen.
Far away a hermit thrust is heard,
Uttering his last sweet note,
In joyous song.
And bit by bit, the darkness deepens
In the valleys, and steals among the hills.
Yet still through the dusk, covering all,
I hear along the ground,
The sound and rustle of the corn.
Still are its many strands of ribbon
Fingering the wind,
Like thousands of unseen hands.

THE HAND THAT WOUNDED YOU

THOUGH all the world should wound you,
I know that in your heart,
You will make a blessing
Of the wrong done you,
And love the hand that wounded you.
I know that you will turn the wrong,
To serve in some way, Life's great purpose.
I know that you will make of it
A great and glorious song.

I WOULD LOVE YOU

In those days I was but a child in my loving,
I did not know . . . I did not understand.
Your love has brought me to my womanhood,
And taught me all the true and good in love,
And taught me all its pain,
Its bitter and its sweet,
Drawing deep from the well of Life.
And now that I am a woman grown,
I would love you, and make known to you
The love that you have crowned me with.

NOTHING TO SAY

NOTHING to say?
With an aching heart, and a fevered brain,
Nothing to say?
With a heart that bleeds of an endless pain,
Nothing to say?
With a thirst to quench, and this hunger at bay,
Nothing to say?
With a world of suffering yet to face,
With a world of love unsung,
Nothing to say?
O God, nothing to say.

MY HAND

A STRANGE woman,
From an Eastern land,
Took my gold, and
Looking at my hand,
Told me that my love
Had been untrue,
Untrue to me.
She was overbold, and said:
"To drown some memory,
And ease his thirst,
He stooped to drink
From a harlot's cup."
And when in wrath
I rose to leave her,
She flung a ribald laugh
To follow after me,
And said: "The harlot's curse
Be on his head!"

GIVE ME A WORLD

GIVE me a world for body,
For dreams a universe of stars.
Its rocks and ridges shall be my bones,
My flesh the sweeping curve from hill to plain.
In its flowing rivers and its seas
Shall flow my blood.
It shall flow from east to west,
From west to east.
My heart shall be the pulse of a whole world,
Feeling a world's joy, knowing a world's pain.
My brain shall hold a world's thought.
All living things shall rest within my arms.
I shall mother all of life,
All life find comfort at my breast.
My hands shall be a world's tenderness.
My eyes see what the sun sees.
The winds shall be my breath,
The vines my flowing hair.
My voice shall be a world's song,
My lips its passion and its prayer;
My love a world's faith,
Whose wings shall lift it far.
O give me a world for body,
For dreams a universe of stars!

SEEK WITHIN

CHILD, when in trouble,
Or in pain,
Lock fast your gate,
And seek the cause within,
Thus shall you seize
And capture it.
Again I charge you,
Lock your gate!
Lest the cur escape,
To sleep, or whine
At another's door.

HERE AMONG THE RUINS

HERE among the ruins of my love,
I sit watching the lagging hours pass
As bit by bit the Summer slips away.
When the sun was shining in my sky,
The birds were mating and their song
Was but an echo to my joy.
Now are they flocking, their mating past.
Like the Summer, they too shall slip away,
While all these dragging hours stay
To mock my loneliness.

When we reap from the fields we've sown,
And the teaming harvests are brought in,
And the grain is piled up in the bins,
On every hand the wine press flowing,
I shall gaze upon an empty bowl,
And face a cup that is not filled.
For all my bread will turn to dust,
And my golden wine be spilled,
My harvest scattered to the winds.
Yet still I will not see that love is done.
I will not turn from the glowing east,
To face a setting sun.

MY WINE

I KNOW that in a whole world
There is no love to equal mine.
Were you to taste from every cup,
You would find no equal to my wine.

DEAD DAYS

How live this eternity
Of dead days and dying nights
That now must be?
How live,
With the hours, that have been,
Singing in the night,
Hours that come to brush me
With their wings?
How live these hours now?
How hush these memories,
That haunt me in my dreams?
How live this eternity
Of dead days and dying nights,
That now must be?
O tell me, tell me how!

BROKEN WINGS

When love stirs my heart,
Words are born to wing to thee,
They rise to my lips,
There they quiver for a time,
There they die . . . Nay,
How sing, with broken wings?

A STRANGE EPITAPH

This place is sacred,
Sacred to the memory of one
Who once came here to dream;
His soul left his body in May,
Or early June,
Before the robins mated,
Before the lilacs bloomed.
Here as a poet
He came to sing;
To sing and dream;
Here too as an artist
He drank deep of the limpid blue.
His soul, a wingèd thing,
Still haunts this room,
Still wanders through these woods,
And they say his body still is seen
Walking the streets of old New York,
Soulless, yet deep in thought . . .
Nay, he was no ordinary man,
He did not die in the ordinary way!

WAR

Once was I
The happiest woman
In a wide world,
Gloriously alive to joy.

Yet now I weep,
And feel my heart
Leaping to the flame
Of a world's pain.

A DERELICT

We sought together an unknown sea
A sea to quench our hunger and our thirst,
A sea on which no man may fare alone.
And when by dreams,
Through many lifting veils of mist,
We came upon its shore,
We there together saw a vision,
Whose beauty while we live,
Will hold us both as one.
Together we faced that unknown sea,
We saw what a world now seeks.
We found the gift of Life,
We found the way,
We found the Light,
And together we set sail upon that sea,
The Sea of Life.

It surpassed in beauty all mortal dreams.
It led us to the dawn,
It brought us to the stars,
Where together we drank deep from a cup
Ever flowing over.
And when a storm swept us,
And you thought you saw some rock ahead,

You leapt into the sea,
And made your way to shore,
Not by the strength of your own arm,
But by clinging to the side
Of some drifting thing upon the tide.
And you left the ship to me,
Left me to steer alone,
Past rock and storm, left me to wreck
Upon an alien coast, a derelict
Adrift on an unknown sea,
A sea where none may go alone.

LOST DREAMS

In the deep of the sea
All lost dreams
Conceal their grief.
Yet never a dream
Has been undone
That could face alone
The light of a sun.

YOUR CUP AND MINE

DEAR, why won't you hear my cry,
Why let these wasted hours go by,
Hours which you and I might sing,
And in our union bring
So much to Life?

Dear, why won't you hear my cry,
Why let a sacred memory die?
The cup of wine is full and flowing,
Ready for your taste and knowing,
Your cup and mine.

Dear, why won't you hear my cry,
Why let these wasted hours go by,
Hours which you and I might sing,
And in our union bring
So much to Life?

EAST AND WEST

THERE are memories that you and I shall not
forget,
Not if we live a thousand years,
Not if our lives shall lead us east and west.

A ROSE GARDEN

THERE is a garden full of roses,
Where once you came to dream.
But when from the east the sun arose,
And drew the perfume of the rose
To meet the day,
The light drove you away,
You would not stay, you would not stay.

MY LOVING

You did not know my loving,
Or you would have come to me,
Not to lay your burden at my feet,
But that I might wear it as a crown.
I would have bowed my head to take it
Proud to share your pain.

PRIDE AND SELF

Art thou then a god
That thou mayest not be
As other men,
Human in thy weakness,
And in thy strength
Still seeking greater strength?
How short thy days!
How quickly sets thy sun
Behind those mountains
Of thy Pride and Self!

THY LOST LIBIDO[1]

A GLORIOUS vision
Dazzling in its beauty
Swept before thy gaze.
And, when to capture it
Great sacrifice was asked of thee,
Thou did'st as Hercules
In the Syrian tale,
Who for the sake of his rebirth
Plunged to the deep within himself
To rescue his libido.
And now even as Hercules
Hast thou failed to free thyself.
For thou art held as he
Enmeshed in dreams
Of tangled weeds
Beneath the sea,
A captive still
To the mother image,
The libido of thy early days
And childhood.
And I who thought
To see thee gloriously rise

[1] *Psychology of the Unconscious*, by Jung.

Bearing from the deep
Thy captured prize
Which was to be my crown,
Am bowed in pain
And weep for thee
And thy lost libido.
For now do I know
Thou shalt not seek,
Thou shalt not find the real.
Now are thy feet bound
With iron chains
Which thou hast forged.
Now are thy wings caught and held
By cords fashioned by thy hand.
Now dost thou bleed
And fester from the poisoned
Arrow wounds of thy thought.
Now does thy voice
Once mellow and sweet
Ring discord.
And the magic of thy hand
That was such it sang to me
Now no longer sings
That symphony of touch
So sweet to know.
Now do thine eyes
That feared not once the sun
Avoid its piercing ray,
Avoid the day
And creep into the night

Thy soul would make for thee.
Now, soon shall thy westering sun
Set upon the ruins of thy self,
To whom thou hast become a slave
From whom there is no escape.
And now shalt thou cling
To a thousand memories that die.
Now shalt thou see
Falsely mirrored in a thousand seas
Thy face, only thy face.

THE RAINBOW

I SEE at last a rainbow arching all the sky,
Symbol of the beauty buried deep in pain.
It is the marriage of the magic hours
You loved me with, and my many falling tears.
Although I weep, this the memory I shall keep
To bless the lonely years.

THE WINE

My hands reach up
To touch your hair,
Your lips seek mine,
As together,
From the cup of Life,
We drink the wine.

FOR LOVE I ONCE HAVE KNOWN

WHAT trust I had
In your coming,
What faith I kept
Through all the years,
What joy
Slept in my breast,
Awaiting birth,
What a wealth of love
Leapt in answer
To your own!

And Now,
All these
Grow grey with pain,
With waiting,
And with longing
For love
I once have known.

THE DEATH I SEE

When alone,
And lost in thought,
Often I feel,
As if within myself,
Rising,
That great self-made
Wave of pity
That o'erwhelms,
And would destroy
My lover.
I feel the thousand
Self-made fiends
Clutching at my throat,
Crushing my heart
Beneath their feet,
As they strive
To reach my head,
And bow it low.
I feel the poison
Of their darts,
And know they seek
To strangle hope in me,
To gloat upon my misery,
Then must I find the light,

And gasp for breath
And air,
And fight the death
I feel
Lurking there,
So close it seems
To me.

LIFE IS CALLING

You stand at the open door
Guarding your heart,
While Life is calling,
Calling.
In the secret chamber
Of your heart,
Are countless wingèd thoughts
That would go free
To seek the sunlight,
And the open sea,
Where Life is calling,
Calling,
Yet how may these
Serve Life or you,
Who stand there
At the open door,
Who will not turn
To face the sun and sea,
Where Life is calling,
Calling,
Who do not know
That Life is just behind you
Calling,
Calling you to me.

WHY?

WHY did you love me,
But for a day?
Why did you come,
Who knew you would not stay?
Why did you win my heart,
And drive my peace away,
For love that lives
But for a day?
Why did you wake
My sleeping soul
To mate with yours,
Knowing your love
Would live
But for a day?

YOUR SHADOW

EACH night
You loved me,
And we sang
The hours away,
And all through the days
In memory
Of what was ours,
I clung to you.
The sun,
A symbol
Of our love,
Lighted all our world.
I know it held
But you,
Tender and true.
And through
All the ways
You went, I,
Your shadow,
Followed,
So close, was I
To you.

THE GREAT GATES

That night you whispered:
"My beloved,"
And all our love
Was told,
And I rested with my head
Against your shoulder,
And looked up at you,
And knew, and understood.
For then
The great gates,
That all these years
Have locked my soul,
And held it sacred
To your coming,
Opened wide,
And set me free,
And all my being
Rose, and went,
On great white wings,
To you.

MY SONG

For miles
I walked
Upon the silver sands,
Alone
With sky and sun
And dunes.
I listened
To the sea,
To the waves
Washing on the shore,
And heard once more
The rune of séa
And sky and sun.
Each wave
As it came
Caught up the song
And carried it along.

A fog came in,
And all the beauty
Of the sea
Turned grey,
Sky faded
To deep violet,

A mist crept in
Veiling the dunes,
And still the sea
Sang on,
Sang its song,
And from the sea and fog,
There came to me
A sense of isolation,
A sense that life
Had passed me by,
Had left me stranded
On the sands,
That youth was gone,
That all
The pulsing music
Of my soul
Was sung,
And love was done.
As the sea
Lay lapped in fog
So the grey twilight
Of my soul
Lay wrapped
In the mystery
Of Life.

Then on a pearly bar
Of sand,
I wrote to the sea
This, my song to thee:

O Sea,
In whose bosom
Lie the haunting secrets
Of the waves,
O Sea,
Who daily chants
A litany
To the shore,
Take to my love, from me,
This love,
As deep as thy heart,
Great as thy wealth of blue,
True as the song
You sing
To woo
The sands.
O Sea,
Tell my love
That while your voice is heard,
I too shall sing my love,
And when your voice
No longer sings,
Then all the love
I bring
Will be buried deep
In the silence
That you keep.
Tell him
What I wrote
With singing hands

Upon the sands,
Tell him how
My choking sobs
Broke with each word
I wrote,
And O Sea, tell him,
Tell him to come back to me!

And the sea came,
And took
With loving hands,
My song,
And word by word,
Line by line
I saw it melt
Into the sea.
And now is my song
In the song of the sea,
Now shall it be carried
By the waves
From shore to shore,
Now shall the sea
Sing to my Love,
Sing as it never sang before.
And when he hears
That endless rune
Of sky and sun
And sea,
It will sing to him
Of me,

And always will he know,
When the sea sings
To woo
The sands,
My song too is there
To woo,
A song
Done with loving hands.

A-WING

For one brief hour,
Two butterflies
Like flowers a-wing
Drift and cling.

I too
Have drifted through
Winged hours,
Hours the colour
Of loved flowers,
I too
Have lived
A few brief hours
A-wing.

WERE YOU THE SEA

WERE you the sea
And I the shore,
Each day,
Each night
You would come
To me,
And seek,
Within my arms
For peace,
Were you the sea
And I the shore.

Were you the sea,
And I the shore,
Each day,
Each night
You would quench
My thirst,
My hunger ease,
You would come
To give me more,
Always more,
Were you the sea
And I the shore.

Were you the sea,
And I the shore,
Each day,
Each night
You would sweep
O'er me.
Your kiss
Would reach
My parched lips,
Your body press
My own,
Were you the sea,
And I the shore.

Were you the sea,
And I the shore,
Each day,
Each night
We would bare
To the sun and stars
The beauty
We had won,
I from you,
And you from me,
Were you the sea,
And I the shore.

IN OTHER EYES

When I sought to see
In other eyes,
The light
That shines in mine,
I was blinded,
For I found a light
That came to me
As sunlight
Off the sea.
It was my own light
That blinded me.

PURPLE

You placed
In the hands
Or hirelings
Unsealed,
That prying eyes
Might read,
The sacred words
Of love
I wrote to you,
With your own hand
You tore away
The purple
I had clothed you in.

THE SPIRIT'S DREAM

How good it is to know
That all the glorious vision
Of one's love,
Lives in the heart.
How good to know
No other heart
Can touch,
No other hand
Can crush
The spirit's dream
What though my love
Be false,
To himself,
Thus false to me,
He cannot wound
My vision,
Or hurt the glory
Of the love
That yet shall be.

TO MY SONS

THE consecrated passion
Of my youth,
My will and all my strength
I gave to you,
To use.
My task is ended
When you have learned
There is no greater force
Than this—my love for you.
I give you all to life,
Life has a greater claim than I,
You have a right
To your experience,
To live, to suffer and to learn—
My task to stand aside.
If you have learned
To be the god of your own life,
And see both heaven and hell,
As here, and made by you,
And know the world
Is but the larger self—
One heart, one life, one goal
And all humanity
The living soul of God,—
My work is done.

THE EMPTY CUP

WHY does my Love not see
The empty cup
I am holding up
For him to fill?
Why does he drink of mine,
And find good wine,
To meet his will,
And still not see
The empty cup
I am holding up
For him to fill?

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

Let us rise above ourselves
And face again
The spirit's dream,
When we two climbed
The mountain,
Hand in hand,
That we might understand.
We found the way of Life,
We looked with fearless eyes
Upon its sun,
We found the mystery of Life,
And dreamed
In the shadow of its wings.
O let us rise above ourselves,
And face again
The spirit's dream.

MY HANDS

My hands laid the fire,
Sacred to our love,
Upon our hearth,
My hands lit the flame
That made it burn.
My hands made
The perfumed wine,
For us two.
My hands were in yours
As I knelt to you,
And our four lips
Melted in a kiss.

IN THE NIGHT

I THOUGHT that love would die,
Yet now have I waked in the night
To hear again its cry.

DAY AND NIGHT

I THOUGHT my love
Would never sing again.
And I was glad
Its voice had made me
Suffer so.
But now must I hear,
Day and night,
The silent beating
Of its wings,
While still it strives,
To find the light.
It will not die,
  It will not die.

HOW DO I KNOW?

How do I know
You love me,
Who tell me
Love is done?
You have a heart
That sings to me,
A heart you cannot still.
It brings me
All the songs
It sings.
They come to me
In the silence
Of the dawn,
When day is born,
With the first song
Of bird,
Or the cry
Of the new day.
They come to me
When the sun is high
In the noonday sky,
When all bird songs
Are hushed;
They come to me

At dusk,
With the last note
The bird sings
To its mate,
And in the hush
And silence of the night,
They come to woo,
To bear me
On great silver wings
To you,
And I go. . . .
This is how I know.

THE SACRIFICE

Love,
When we drink
Of thy cup,
We must drink
With bended knee,
And offer up
Our lives.
Thy cup
The sacrifice
Thou claimest
For Life.

THE TEMPLE OF YOUR LOVE

To the temple
Of your love,
I came with bared feet,
Wrapped
Only in the cloak
Of dim remembered
Mystery,
Of love
You gave me
In some other world.
I came
With prayer
Upon my lips,
My heart winged
With song
From otherwhere.

I laid
My wingèd heart
Upon the altar there,
And my cloak
Slipped away
And left my body bare,
A taper,

Tall and slim and fair.
And when you came
And found me there,
Our souls
Became
One burning flame
You lighted there.

WHITE NIGHTS

Nights come to me
White,
As the mist
Of vanished dreams.

But sometimes
Pulsing through the mist
Of white,
Blue birds wing,
The living nights
That made my spring.

SCATTERED DREAMS

ALTHOUGH my dreams
From day to day
May break and scatter
As spent waves
Upon the shore,
Beyond the moment
Ever lies the hour
When dream and goal
Shall meet.

Past the breaking waves,
Past the rocks and storm,
There lies
The meeting line
Of sky and sea,
Clasped in the quiet
Of eternity.

HEARTS MAY DIE

Hearts may die
Many deaths,
Many hearts lie dead.

While there is life,
Love cannot die,
Love knows no death.

IN SABLE WINGS

I THOUGHT your wings
Were white,
All summer long
I looked to see them
Flashing in the sun,
And thought to hear
Your song
Winging through the air.

But where you are
There is no sun,
Your great white wings
Are gone.
I see you wrapped
In the silence
Of the sable wings,
That make your night,
And weep to have it so;
Yet I rejoice to know
It was with me,
You made your last
Great glorious flight.

AS THE SEA

As the sea
Takes her mood
From the sky,
So do I
From you.
The greyness
Of your present mood
Grips me,
And holds me tight,
I feel so near
The night
That comes to you.

HAD WE TWO KNOWN

Had we two known
What sacred ways
We went,
And on what hallowed
Dust we walked,
If we had felt
The hearts of other lovers
On our path,
Hearts that bled
That we might pass,
If we had seen their tears
As dew upon the grass,
And felt
The hunger of their lips
In flowers,
Lifting yearning faces
To the sun,
We might have kept
The path we lost,
We might not now
Be numb with pain,
Our love unsung.

MY SONS

To my sons
My strength has been
A tower,
At whose feet
The lashing sea
Of Life
Has broken.
They have seen its beacon
Glowing through my night,
And known it there,
To light their own.

Its beam
Has shown to them
The real and the unreal,
And they have seen
The empty fluttering things
Of Life
Fall with burnt wings,
And drift away.

And now
Must I see each one
Has builded him

A tower,
A greater tower
Than my own.
A tower whose strength
A world shall know.
Each son
Bears now his lamp
Whose glow
Shall carry far,
To light new worlds,
To search new truths,
A lamp whose gleam
And glow
Shall dim my own.

To them,
My lamp burns low.
Now shall it go
Where all burnt candles go.
The star,
My heart now follows,
Is the truth
They bear,
Their strength my own.

CLOSE THE BOOK

Now shall I turn the page,
And close the book.
I have read too long,
Too deep,
Have tried too hard
To know the ways of man.
Now do I know
That those who seek
For gold,
Find pain,
And those who seek
For love,
Find sorrow,
Again, and yet again
They find these things.
And those who find treasure,
The treasure of love,
Or the treasure of gold,
Find it in sorrow,
And find it in pain.
When we have learned
To love, through sorrow,
And have turned our pain
To gold,
Then do we know
The world is ours.

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